

Fade To Black

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Summary: SLASH. Lucas is unhappy with his life at school and at home. One night, he wanders to a place he knows he should not have gone. When Lucas gets attacked by a stranger, he does not think anyone will help him but Michael saves him... Michael Myers x Male OC

1. What's Life Like Bleeding On The Floor?

Fade To Black

****A/N:** So I don't know where this came from. It's been so long since I watched Halloween, and that was the old version. I barely remember what happened. I had to check the synopsis on Wiki. Anyway, sorry if Michael comes off as too OOC here. And I don't know, it's a bit odd. I just went with the flow and this is what came out. Well, I still hope you enjoy reading this chapter :)**

****DISCLAIMER:** Michael Myers is most definitely not mine, neither are the movies he features in.**

****WARNINGS:** Mild horror/violence. Brief mention of morbid/depressing thoughts. Death of a minor character. A little swearing. I think that's it. **

What's life like bleeding on the floor? â€" Thank You For The Venom: My Chemical Romance

The sky had slowly turned dark as night fell over the town of Haddonfield. Rain was falling, a drizzle which was quickly turning into a downpour. Lucas was running down an alleyway. He was being chased by a tall man with greasy blond hair who was yelling at him to stop. The teenager wished he had just stayed at home but he hated being there. It was almost as bad as school. He could not help being gay, it was just natural to him but the jocks did not care about

that. No, they just liked to see him suffer. Lucas was sick of it. The continuous beatings. The cruel insults. Having his locker and personal items defaced. School was a living nightmare. The teenager liked being outside at night, because it was the only time he felt free. Wandering into the rough part of town had been a big mistake however. Lucas never went there usually; it only had bars that were dives and seedy shops, along with housing that was mostly abandoned. The people who hung out there were mostly creeps, junkies, and drunkards. He knew it was better to just keep clear of the area, but he had been so upset tonight that he had not paid much attention to his surroundings. Lucas was paying for it now though. The stranger he was running from had talked to him, but he had decided to ignore the man. The teenager had figured the man would lose interest. He had been wrong. Instead, the man had started to follow him and had also become angry at being ignored. So Lucas had run, run as fast as he could, hoping to get away. He had no idea what the man wanted, but he knew it would not be anything good.

When he reached the end of the alley his heart sunk. It was a dead end. There was a wall blocking his path, and it was too high to climb over. By now he was drenched in rain, his t-shirt clinging to him like a second skin and his dark hair plastered to his pale face. His soft brown eyes were showing apprehension as he slowly turned to face the stranger. The man was smiling, his light blue eyes glinting meanly as he surveyed the worried teenage boy standing in front of him.

"Please..." Lucas pleaded. "I don't have much money but you can have it. Take it all, I don't care"

The man leered as he shoved the dark haired boy backwards. "It's not money I want, pretty boy" He was close enough now that Lucas could notice the stench that lingered on him "an unpleasant mixture of body odour, cheap whisky and stale cigarette smoke.

No. _No_. Not **that**. Lucas felt sick to his stomach as he realized what the man wanted. He looked around wildly, hoping someone would see and come to help him "but he knew nobody would. He was all alone.

"Now just take it easy" The man brushed a dirty looking thumb over Lucas's lower lip. "If you take real good care of me then maybe I won't hurt you too bad. What's your name?"

Lucas stayed silent for a few moments, and then reluctantly answered the man's question. "Lucas..."

"I hope you're telling me the truth there pretty boy. Because I hate liars" He pulled out a switchblade and a low laugh emerged, resonating deep from within him. "This is gonna be fun"

"Please, don't do this" Lucas begged. "Just walk away. I'm not gonna tell anyone about this, I swear"

The man slammed him back into the wall, his arm pressed heavily against Lucas's throat. "Shut the fuck up" The man growled.

Lucas saw white spots pass in front of his eyes. Pain exploded in the back of his head with the force which he had hit the wall. He was dizzy and close to passing out as he desperately grabbed hold of the

man's arm, trying to move it so he could get some much needed air into his lungs. Lucas kicked and struggled to get away but his efforts were feeble. Even if he had not been in his weakened state, the lean frame of his body still would have lost against the man's solid build. In his heart he knew it was hopeless. Then suddenly the man let out an odd sound, stumbling back. Lucas slid down the wall to the ground and coughed, taking in as much air as he could with deep breaths. The man had dropped to his knees, staring down in shock at the bloodstain rapidly forming on his grimy white tee from a wound in his side where the handle of a knife was protruding. A masked figure in a simple blue coverall crouched by the man and wrapped a hand around the handle of the knife, before yanking the knife out. The man yelped, and it looked like he was going to say something but before he could say anything, the masked man had deftly slit his throat, a crimson flow of blood spilling out from his slashed jugular vein.

There was a dead body lying in front of Lucas. He was terrified, sure he would be next to die. He wondered if anyone would even miss him. Lucas knew he should at least try to run, but he sat there frozen in horror at what he had seen. The white mask was hiding the face of a deranged psychopath. Michael Myers, who had been all over the news for the past few days, having recently escaped from the psychiatric hospital in Smith's Grove. It was hard to believe Michael was only a few years older than him. Lucas could not control the trembling that started as Michael stood up and advanced upon him, carelessly dropping the knife onto the ground. Lucas was not sure if that was good or bad. So perhaps he was not going to get stabbed to death, but then how would Michael kill him? Did he have another weapon hidden somewhere? Or maybe he would simply use his brute strength. Lucas squeezed his eyes shut tight as Michael leant over him. He did not want to die but if he had to he would prefer it to be quick. And maybe it was for the best. Was his life worth living? Perhaps in death he could find peace.

Michael grabbed hold of Lucas and pulled him up onto his feet. Then he hoisted the teenage boy up over his shoulder, with as little effort as if Lucas had weighed no more than a sack of feathers. Lucas opened his eyes again, getting a slanted view of the world as Michael strode onwards. Lucas wondered where he was being taken as he clung onto the surprisingly soft material of Michael's coveralls and pressed his face against Michael's broad shoulder. .It was not because he was scared of falling, he actually felt secure. Michael would not let him fall. He was being carried around by a killer, but yet somehow a part of him felt safe. It was wrong, so wrong. Lucas knew the thoughts he were having were not right, it was like his senses had gone haywire. His mind was not screaming danger, it was whispering quietly. Still...Michael had protected him from his attacker. Even if he had not done it intentionally, Michael had saved Lucas. So for that at least, Lucas could not help but be thankful. And he was still alive. He did not know why, but he was. That had to mean something, although he could not figure out what it meant yet. Michael had been walking for a long time, and when he finally set Lucas back down onto the ground, the dark haired boy had no idea where he was. They were standing by the back of a car. Taking a set of keys from a hidden pocket in his coverall, Michael opened the trunk. He pointed at Lucas, and then pointed at the trunk, before pushing the teenager forward. Lucas did not want to go in there, but he did not think he had a choice. If he refused, Michael would probably just make him do it anyway. So he climbed in, curling up to

fit in the cramped space as the lid was shut. He hated it, and prayed that the journey would not be a long one as he felt the car's engine rumble to life as Michael started the ignition.

****Thank you for reading :) If you've got a moment to spare please leave a review, I'd really appreciate it. I don't know when the next chapter will come, because I got to this point in the story and then my mind went blank. I intended for this to be a oneshot, but I can't leave it here so there will be probably be one or two more chapters before the end.****

2. Where Do We Go From Here?

Chapter Two

****A/N: Okay. I'm sorry it's short, and nothing much happens. Also I'm sorry it took a while to get it done, and I have no idea when the next chapter will be written. I suck, I know :(Anyway, I still hope you enjoy reading it :)****

****DISCLAIMER: Michael Myers is most definitely not mine, neither are the movies he features in.****

****Thank you to the lovely people who reviewed the last chapter:

****MashuruD, Wylrin , Dorianimeyaoilover , Little Ghost Girl and BvBArmWillStayStronge****

****Also a big thank you to the people who favorited the story and put the story on alert.****

Where do we go from here? â€" Trigger: The Rasmus

It had been a smooth ride for a while until the road they were travelling on became bumpy. Lucas was getting jostled around inside the trunk and he was fighting to keep nausea at bay. Whether it was from the car ride or because of what he had witnessed. It could not have been have been more than an hour that he was stuck in the dense darkness of the trunk but to Lucas it felt like forever. When the car stopped and finally the trunk was popped open, Lucas scrambled to get out as quickly as he could. His legs felt cramped and as he stood on his feet again he stumbled a little before steadying himself. Michael just stood there silently, watching him. Lucas averted his gaze, instead looking around. They were in the middle of nowhere. There was a little ramshackle cabin a short distance away. Near to it was an outhouse. It had to be somewhere out of town, on the outskirts at least. The ground was dry and dusty, the soil baked over time by the heat of the sun. Wild grass was sprouting in threadbare patches.

"Where are we?" Lucas asked. Michael said nothing, just grabbed the teenage boy by his arm and started pulling him in the direction of the cabin. Lucas had to follow, it was either that or be dragged along and he much preferred to walk. When they got up onto the porch Michael grabbed hold of the door handle and wrenched down on it. All he succeeded in doing was making the door handle break off. He tossed it to one side and then stepped back a few steps before slamming the sole of his black boot against the door, which shuddered but the lock

held firm. Michael kicked the door again, and Lucas was almost certain he heard a growl coming from the masked killer as his attempt to open the door was thwarted yet again. Michael strolled around the side of the cabin and Lucas followed a few steps behind, curious to see what Michael would do next but not wanting to get too close to him. By the time Lucas had turned the corner he saw Michael had a rock in his hand and it was not long before the rock was thrown, creating a sizable hole in a single pane window and sending pieces of glass raining down onto the ground. Michael cleared the rest of the glass still clinging to the window frame using his bare hand. He sustained a few scratches and a deeper cut on the palm of his hand, but he ignored it. Michael's gaze travelled from the window over to Lucas before he beckoned for the teenager to come forward.

Lucas sighed and without being prompted made his way into the cabin via the broken window. He just barely managed to get in, the window was small. There was no way Michael would be able to fit in there. Still, Michael would find a way in. Lucas knew that. For the moment though, he was alone and he studied his surroundings. The air in the cabin was stale and smelt musty. There was a thin layer of dust that had settled on practically everything in sight. The floor was bare apart from a rug which could have been a deep red when it was new, but now it was a murky brownish red color. There was a single makeshift bed pushed into a corner of the room, an old mattress covered with a dingy off white sheet and a faded blue comforter. There were a few cupboards lining one wall over a small counter and a propane stove. A small sink was there too, and when Lucas turned the faucet on, the pipes sputtered before a few drops of water came out. Lucas waited but no more water came. Seeing as how the cabin seemed to be abandoned, he had not really expected to find a working water supply but he thought that he might as well try. He peered into all of the cupboards but all he found was some old tins and a packet of stale trail mix. It had not taken long to explore the cabin, but as he had done so he found himself starting to get tired. And the time kept passing, slowly but surely. Was Michael still lingering around outside? What else could he be doing? Lucas was not even sure what the time was, but he knew it was late. Maybe past midnight. He had been through a lot, and his tiredness was starting to catch up to him. Lucas did not like the idea of sleeping on the mattress but it was better than the floor at least. So he shook the dust off the sheet, and then spread it on the mattress again. He sat down on the makeshift bed until he was too tired to sit up anymore. Just as he was settling into sleep he heard a knock.

There was only one door, the door that led into the cabin. Another knock came, this one louder. Lucas went over to the door. There was a simple but sturdy lock. A rusty key was hanging near the door from a rusty nail. Simple enough. All he had to do was pick up the key, insert it into the lock and turn it. As he was in the midst of unlocking the door, he hesitated. For a few moments he toyed with the idea of not letting Michael in, but what would he really achieve with that? Nothing. Michael would still find a way inside, and then he might be mad at Lucas. Besides, if all he was planning was to keep Lucas held hostage then why should that be a bad thing? He might be safer with Michael than he was at home. If he had been at home right now, he would probably have gotten into another fight with his stepdad. And he would have lost, like he always did. And even if it turned out that Michael had darker plans for him, at least he would not have to go back home. He was still afraid of what might happen to him, but his fear was balanced by his hope that somehow everything

could turn out alright. Michael was a monster, but he had not always been one. And perhaps a part of him was still good. Or maybe Lucas was deluding himself. He opened the door wide.

Michael was there, holding a duffle bag, which he held out to Lucas. "That's... for me?" As usual, he was met with silence but he did see Michael nod. Well. That was progress. A small amount of progress, but it was some form of acknowledgement. "Thanks, I guess. I mean, I-I do appreciate it-" Lucas stopped talking when Michael slammed the door shut and just stood inside, staring at him. Lucas got nervous and retreated over to the makeshift bed, making a big show of rifling through the bag so he did not have to look in Michael's direction. There was a few bags of chips, a packet of peanuts and two bottles of mineral water. Michael had probably stolen the snacks and the drinks, but it was trivial considering all the other crimes he had committed. There were clothes too, and as Lucas looked more closely he was surprised when he realized the clothes were actually his own. And at the bottom of the bag was an old photo of Lucas and his mom. A photo he kept hidden safely in his room. Lucas's stepdad had destroyed all the other photos of his mom in a drunken rage not long after she had passed away.

"How do you know where I live?" Lucas asked, his curiosity overtaking his fear. "Did you...follow me? Is that what you did?"

"Yes, I did follow you" Michael replied. His voice sounded hoarse and was deeper than Lucas had expected. Michael had been silent for so long and now he was breaking his silence, after years of playing mute. "And I thought you would be like the others. Except you're not like them at all"

Lucas half smiled, looking straight up at Michael. "So you do talk..." He knew he should be worried about the fact that Michael had followed him. It was strange, but Lucas found that he did not care about it as much as he thought he should.

**Thanks for reading :) **

3. I Could Keep You All To Myself

Chapter Three

A/N: So this story is way overdue for an update, and I'm really sorry about that. I hope you enjoy reading this chapter :)

WARNING: Character Death.

DISCLAIMER: Michael Myers is most definitely not mine, neither are the movies he features in.

**A special thank you goes out to all the lovely people who reviewed Chapter Two, it was this support that encouraged me to keep on writing: **

Little Ghost Girl, Sogrimmy15, Dorianimeyaoilover, Alpha-Akera, The Sweet Noble, Michael Myers Halloween lover, GachaGachaGirl and Gothallal23.

_I could keep you all to myself... Tangled Up In Plaid _ Queens Of The Stone Age_

"I'll make them all pay for what they did to you..." Michael walked closer to where the teenage boy was sitting. "I want you to eat something now"

"Ok, sure" Lucas pulled out a packet of chips from the bag and tore the packet open. "I'll eat, but what do you mean? I'm alright, you took care of that creepy dude for can't hurt me, he can't hurt anyone ever again" He took out a handful of chips and started munching on them. He was hungrier than he had realized, and it was not long before he was sitting there with an empty chip packet in his hands.

Michael sat down next to Lucas on the mattress, causing it to dip under his added weight. The dark haired boy had barely disturbed the mattress when he sat down, but he was lean. Michael's blue overall hid a strong, muscular physique. "I'm talking about the ones who bully you, Eric, Sam, Josh, Brett and Cale"

Lucas did not know how to reply. It was a shock to him. How did Michael know so much about his life? And he could not condone Michael killing anyone he knew, even the ones he hated most in the entire world. Also, having Michael in such close proximity made him feel nervous, but it was not an unpleasant nervousness. He liked it. Sitting down with Michael by his side. A masked psychopath. It was so very wrong, but something about their position felt right. Like it was where Lucas was meant to be. At Michael's side. He could not believe that he was starting to develop a crush on Michael. How could he, knowing all the terrible things Michael had done? Yet the killer had been kind to him. Had been the first person since his mom died who had truly cared about his wellbeing. "Please, you can't hurt them or..." Lucas did not want to say it but he knew and Michael knew what his unspoken words were. Lucas cleared his throat. He grabbed a bottle of water from the bag and opened it, taking a long swig. It was refreshing, his throat had felt so dry after he had eaten the chips. "How did you know about them?" Lucas frowned at Michael as fiercely as he could, when it dawned on him the only way Michael could have known their names. "Tell me you didn't read my journal"

The masked killer made no reply, he simply stared solemnly at Lucas.

"Tell me you didn't read it" Lucas repeated, raising his voice as his frustration over Michael's lack of reply mixed with the anger he felt about Michael snooping in his journal. A part of him was still scared of Michael, but it took second place to his annoyance. He stood up but Michael's hand shot out to grasp his arm, yanking Lucas back down to sit on the mattress again. Lucas sighed heavily, resigning himself to the fact that he wouldn't be able to put space between himself and Michael. "It was private. I wrote stuff in there that I never wanted anybody else to see. Ever. Do you understand what's that like? No, why would you? You just do what you want..." Silence reigned between them again and Lucas's rush of anger faded away as fast as it had come. When Michael released his hold on Lucas's arm and Lucas was surprised when Michael took hold of his hand gently. He was not sure why Michael was even holding his hand, but it felt good. It was comforting to Lucas. He could not help holding onto Michael's

hand too. "This doesn't mean I forgive you"

"I know that. And I won't apologize, because I don't feel sorry for what I did. As soon as I saw you, I knew I had to find out who you were. Your journal helped me to understand things about you that I would not have known otherwise. If I had asked you, would you have told me everything that happened in your life?"

"No, but that still doesn't make it right" Lucas replied.

Michael pushed the water bottle at Lucas until he accepted it. "You didn't finish drinking your water"

The teenager sighed. "I don't care..." He was still thirsty though so he drank some more until he finished the bottle. "You didn't mention...my stepdad" He stared at Michael apprehensively. "You didn't do anything to him, did you?"

Michael made no reply, and that told Lucas more than words ever could.

"What did you do?" Lucas balled his hands into fists and hit Michael repeatedly. He felt like he was hitting a brick wall, there was no give at all, just solid muscle. Michael did not react at all, he just took the punches, making no move to defend himself. Lucas hit Michael until his knuckles were bruised and his energy drained. Then he moved backwards, getting as far away from Michael as he could while still sitting on the mattress. He had a sinking feeling in his stomach that his stepdad was dead. He felt so sick. Lucas could only guess what Michael had made his stepdad suffer before the end. "What did you do to him?" Lucas whispered.

**Flashback**

_Ned Havers was in complete darkness, and it took a real effort to get his eyes open and adjusted to the artificial light of the lamp, turning the night into something viewable He was groggy, his head aching from what he assumed was his drunken stupor. He was in the living room, slumped in his armchair. Bottles of cheap beer were strewn around the room. All seemed well, except for one thing. The smell...That strong, and somehow familiar smell. And then it hit him. Gasoline. He had smelt gasoline. _

"_What the fuck is going on?" Ned tried to stand but to his shock he found that he could not. He had been tightly bound to the armchair with rope. He struggled to get free, but his struggles soon ceased when he saw a masked man walking towards him. A man with a white mask in blue overalls, who was carrying a red container. He knew who it was. That psychopath Michael Myers. His shock kept him frozen, until he saw Michael advancing upon him, and his efforts to get free began anew. "Get away from me, you sick bastard!" Ned yelled. "Somebody help me...Help me..." Little did Ned know he was shouting for help that would never come. He heard a sound. It was laughter, and it was coming from the masked killer in his home as he doused Ned in gasoline. It temporarily blinded him, and he sputtered as some of the highly flammable liquid got into his mouth. "Why are you doing this to me?" Ned screamed. Michael made no reply, he just picked up Ned's lighter from a side table and ignited a flame. "Please, I have a son!" _

_Michael let the flame die out, much to Ned's relief. "Lucas" _

_Ned was astonished when he heard Michael's voice. He had thought that Michael was a mute, at least that was what he had read in the newspapers. "Yeah, and he needs me so you can't do this. He'll go into care There's nobody else around to take him in. He's a good kid..." Ned had a brief shining moment of hope when Michael lowered the lighter. "That's it, now just put the lighter down. You can go, I won't tell nobody you came here" _

"_I know you won't tell anyone" Michael replied impassively._

Those words were the last Ned Havers would hear in his life. It all happened so fast, yet in his mind it seemed to go in slow motion as Michael ignited a flame on the lighter and tossed it directly at him. The flames spread so fast, and the pain was the worst pain he had ever felt before. It was agonizing, as the flames burned him alive. His killer just stood watching until he was sure Ned had taken his last breath. Then Michael set alight the gasoline he had poured all over the house after knocking Ned out and tying him to the armchair. It had been almost too easy. He could not stay to admire his handiwork, the flames were going to burn down the house and he needed to be gone long before the police and firemen were called to the scene.

"You killed him, didn't you?" Lucas was not really expecting an answer. He had sat there in silence with Michael for a while now. He could only guess as to what thoughts ran through Michael's twisted mind. Perhaps it was better that he didn't know. The chips that had eased his hunger earlier now was not settling well. He felt nauseous, and he tried to keep it at bay but he could not hold it in. He stood up and ran to the sink, where he threw up. After it was over he backed away from the sink, averting his eyes. It was not a pretty sight. The only good thing was that it had made him feel a bit better. He looked around for Michael, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then Lucas felt a hand rest on his shoulder. He turned and saw Michael standing there. "He was the only family I had left..." A tear trickled down his face, and Michael wiped it away gently. More tears came, and Lucas suddenly found himself wrapped in Michael's warm embrace. He stood there with Michael, grieving for his stepdad. Being comforted by the very man who had taken his stepdad away from him. There was a bittersweet irony that Lucas could not ignore. And although he was sad to lose his stepdad, there was a part of him that was pleased too. He did not think he could have taken any more mental and physical abuse from his stepdad. He had thought he would be trapped in that house that had not been his home since the day his mom had passed away .At least for two more years. He had hated it there. Now he never had to go back.

Thank you for reading :)

4. Chapter 4

Chapter Four

**A/N: Sorry I took so long to write this, and thanks a million to the wonderful reviewers â€" Little Ghost Girl, GachaGachaGirl, Artsistra, didi-chan, Bumblebee transformer lover, yuimomo, Dorianimeyaoilover, RainbowNeko, Yuu, WolfSpirit1992, and

assassinsflight **

DISCLAIMER: Michael Myers is not mine, neither are the movies he features in.

Lucas had been stuck in the cabin for five days, and he was sorely missing being able to take a shower. He was able to change into fresh clothes which did help him to not give off such a bad scent, but it was still uncomfortable to wear clean clothes on his body which he had not been able to wash properly for a few days now. The bottled waters Michael had given him were inadequate for such a task, especially when he only had a limited supply. He was just thankful that at least Michael had brought his toothbrush and toothpaste. He was lonely and bored with nothing to do in the cabin but eat and sleep. And sleep did not come easily to him. It would not have been so bad if Michael had kept him company, but the masked killer was rarely at the cabin. He had only come once in the past three days to give Lucas more food. He refused to tell Lucas where he had disappeared off to, but Lucas thought he had gone back to their hometown.

If he had, it could not mean anything good for his bullies. Michael was probably already in the process of finding out where they lived, where they hung out, just observing them like the prey they were to him until the time came to kill. Just like Lucas, they had not really lived full lives yet. To think that their lives would be brutally cut short made him feel terrible, even though they had been cruel to him. And the worst thing was that he was just staying in the cabin, allowing it to happen. He could have escaped if he really wanted to, and find a way to alert the police to what Michael was planning. And then he would be right back where he started. Or perhaps he would be moved somewhere else, to a foster family or a group home. Lucas's stepfather had been horrible to him, and he could just as easily wind up living with strangers who were worse than his stepdad. The main reason he was not doing anything to try to stop Michael was because Lucas did not want to betray him. Michael had done much more for him than anyone else had, and he was the only one who actually cared about Lucas. Also, even if Lucas had been willing to betray Michael he knew he should be afraid of the consequences. There was no escaping the harsh reality that Michael was a coldblooded murdering psychopath even though he had been kind to Lucas.

Lucas would be right back where he started if he did betray Michael. Alone and friendless. He would also be a ward of the state, and then he would not know what would happen to him. He could be moved anywhere, and he would wind up living with strangers who could be worse than his stepdad. Lucas was not sure where he would end up if he had decided to betray Michael, but what he knew for certain was that Michael would find him again. Michael would hunt Lucas down, and then kill him. If Lucas had a foster family at that point, or lived in a group home, then Michael might even kill the others. Lucas was just as bad as Michael in a way, because he had made a conscious decision not to try to help save his bullies lives. All he had done was plead with Michael not to harm them, and he knew it was useless doing that. When Michael was fixated on an idea, nothing would change his mind. Yet somehow it still eased some of Lucas's guilt, even though he knew it was useless asking Michael to not kill them. And if the roles were reversed and his bullies had the chance to save him Lucas did not think they would have even cared. They would be selfish, just like Lucas knew he was being too, and save themselves. Lucas felt

guiltiest about Josh, since he had never been as mean to Lucas as his friends were. Sometimes Lucas even thought that Josh was not comfortable with the bullying, and just going along with what his friends wanted. Yet there was no way to know for sure, and now he would never know what Josh really thought about him.

Also, the teenager was still coming to terms with the fact his stepdad was dead. While Lucas wanted to believe his stepdad's death had been quick and painless he knew that Michael would have wanted his stepdad to suffer first. Although it tortured him not to know what had happened to his stepdad, in a way he was glad he did not know. Knowing would not bring his stepdad back after all, and would make it harder for him to forgive Michael for what he had done. Lucas was still wary of Michael, scared of him sometimes, but he liked him too. His feelings towards Michael were contradictory at the best of times but he felt as if there was a connection between them. One that really should have been impossible. Lucas still was not sure why Michael had allowed him to be close. The word friend in relation to Michael seemed foreign, a strange concept that just did not work and yet it had to. Lucas had to think of Michael as a friend, because liking him as a friend felt safe and he was not yet ready to deal with the possibility that he was becoming attracted to Michael. His kidnapper, his captor, his rescuer, his protector. A mass murderer. A man whose real face he had never even seen before. Lucas had often wondered what Michael was hiding underneath his mask, but he had never picked up enough courage to ask him about it.

_Josh could hardly believe it. It had only been a few days since he had last seen Lucas, and now the other boy was dead. His friends pretended they did not care, but Josh knew hearing of Lucas's death in the house fire had shaken them. It was not only Lucas who had died, but his stepfather too. Josh did not give a damn about Mr Havers dying. He had actually been on friendly terms with Josh and the rest of Lucas's bullies. The man was a drunk, and it was likely his fault that the fire had started. Although Josh had always participated in bullying Lucas, he had only been going along with his friends. Brett and Sam were the ringleaders of the group, the ones who took the most pleasure in tormenting Lucas. Josh had never hated Lucas at all, even though he had acted like he did. The truth was that he had a crush on the other boy, but it was a deep secret of his. If anyone had found out, then his life would have been destroyed in much the same way as Lucas. His popularity would be gone, and he would have had to quit the football team. He would become another punching bag for the boys who were meant to be his best friends. And there was no way he could let that happen to him. _

_He had felt guilty before, but now Lucas was dead, the guilt was stronger. If only he could have stood up for Lucas, or given him a few kind words of encouragement. If only he had done something to help the other boy. And now it was too late. Now he would never have a chance to make it up to Lucas. At first, when the news of the house fire spread through the school, Josh had hoped Lucas had escaped unharmed. A newspaper report on the house fire had labelled it as a tragedy that had taken two lives. Apparently two bodies had been found in the house. Although the newspapers did not say the bodies had been positively identified, Josh thought it safe to assume that one of the bodies belonged to Lucas. And so his hope had been crushed. It also did not help matters that one of his best friends had gone missing. Eric had been missing since the night of the house fire. His parents were sick with worry, and they had begged the

police to help them search for their son. The problem was that Eric was a known troublemaker, and he had in the past gone missing on purpose and sent a fake ransom note to his parents. So now, the police were inclined to think it was just another ploy for attention from a spoiled brat. _

_Josh did not think Eric was playing around this time however. He would have told at least one of his friends if he planned on leaving. And besides, Eric would never miss a game. And now he had. So Josh had agreed to help Eric's parents post flyers around Haddonfield. The flyers all had a colour picture of Eric. Above the photo there was a single line of bold black text that simply said MISSING. Below the photo was more information on Eric, where he had last been seen, and there was also a generous reward urging people to come forward if they had seen him. Josh had taken his bike with him, and after he finished taping flyers all down one block, he would ride the bike over to the next block and start again. Because it was the weekend, Josh had enough time to cover more ground with the flyers. When the sky began to grow dark, Josh decided to head home. His mom had freaked out over Eric's disappearance, and had made his dad force an earlier curfew on Josh. Josh was already teased by his friends for the fact that he even had a curfew, and now it was earlier that just gave them more ammunition. Still, he would rather deal with his friends teasing him, then have to face his dad when he had broken a rule. His dad was a fair man, but he had a military upbringing and was strict on his children when necessary. _

_When Josh got home, he raced upstairs to his room but then he stopped in the doorway. His room was a complete wreck. Everything on his desk had been swept onto the floor. Thankfully the laptop was still where he had left it that morning, on his bed. His entire CD collection was spilled all over the floor, as were some of his video games. There was also a lot of paper strewn everywhere, and most of it was his homework. Worst of all, his closet had been opened, the rail hanging loose and his clothes lying in a pile on the floor. Josh's heart sunk as he saw the upper shelf in his closet was empty. He had kept a box stashed at the back of the shelf, hidden behind a pile of old comics. In the box there was a ton of photos of random models and celebrities he had cut out from the glossy magazines his mom and sisters liked so much. They were all of men he found attractive. He also had a page in there he had torn from his old yearbook, a page that had Lucas's photo on it. It would not have been too bad if that was all that was in the box. Josh could explain away the photos and even the yearbook page, but there was something else in the box that he would not be able to explain away if his parents ever found it. It was a magazine at the bottom of the box called _Hot Studz_. He had stolen the magazine from a store a few towns over while wearing a lame disguise of sunglasses and a cap. Josh navigated through all the mess on his carpet to reach his closet. After digging through his clothes, he found the box and was relieved to see it was not empty. Everything was just as he had left it, but he could not find the yearbook page. _

_He took another good look around as his room, as he cleared up the mess made by the unknown intruder. From what he could see, it appeared nothing had been taken. All that was lost was that yearbook page. Josh could not understand it at all. Why would someone take the risk of breaking into his bedroom and only take an old yearbook page? It was strange. Josh noticed then that the lock on his window was broken, and when he walked over to investigate it he saw that the

lock had been bent. When he wrapped his hand around it, he could see that it would be possible to bend it, if had been strong enough, but he was not. Yet it seemed someone had been strong enough, and the thought sent a chill down a spine. Josh glanced out of the window then, not expecting to see anything. His intruder had to be long gone. Josh was startled when he saw a burly figure lurking near a park across the road from his house whose face was obscured by a white mask. At least, that was what Josh thought it was. Before Josh could look more closely, the sinister figure had vanished into the night. _

_There was something frighteningly familiar about that figure, and Josh was hardly able to believe he had seen the mass murderer Michael Myers. He told himself his mind was playing tricks on him. He had not seen a mask at all. And yet he still could not get the image of that figure staring up at his window out of his mind. It scared him enough that he told his parents about the break in. His mom became hysterical as soon as he mentioned Michael's name. His dad had yelled at him for upsetting his mom, and worse still had refused to believe Josh was telling the truth. Josh was at the point where he did not know what to do anymore. And then he had found out that the bodies from the fire had been identified. Someone had leaked the names to the press, and Josh was horrified when he learnt that it was Eric who had died in the fire and not Lucas. Still, even as he started to grieve for the loss of his friend, he was thankful that Lucas was still alive. He was out there somewhere. And nobody would care about looking for him. The police might try, but they were busy with so many cases that one missing teenager with no family would not be a priority case for them. And so Josh decided he would go to look for Lucas. _

Lucas awoke late at night from an unsettled sleep to find Michael just standing silently over the makeshift bed, staring down at him. It unnerved him a little, but he was pleased to see Michael again when he had expected he would not be seeing him again for a while. Lucas wondered how long he had been standing there, but decided not to mention it. "Hey, what time is it?"

"We're leaving. I found a better hideout," Michael replied shortly.

"I just have to pack first..." Lucas glanced around. "Where's my stuff?"

"Don't worry, I already packed for you. It's in the car. Now come on, let's go..." Michael sounded impatient and so Lucas hurriedly got up.

Lucas was very relieved that Michael did not expect him to get in the trunk this time. He noticed the car was a different one this time around. And the windows were tinted. When he got into the back seat he had to lie down while Michael covered him with a blanket. Again, he would be going on a journey in darkness not knowing the end destination. Although it was worrying, at least he had now broken the monotony of his time in the cabin.

Thank you for reading :)

End

file.